KENNEDY'S COMEBACK:

WILL HE OR WON'T HE?

The face is strong, warm, masculine. It is an Irish-potato face, planes going at every angle, broad forehead, chin like a fist, chipmunk jowls, a white-toothed smile that cracks it all wide open. The eyes are deferential, often cast down in schoolboy shyness, but they jump alive when excitement or anger makes him forget his blushful self-consciousness. And there is the klaxon of a baritone. It is loud, it projects, and he has to hold it down, when he thinks of it. You feel his bulk, too, a bigness to the bone that would be gross without calorie-counting discipline.

If you knew him and did not know his name, you would like him right away for what he is. Back home in Boston, when the little men of politics gather, they say about him, "He's a corner guy." They mean he likes people and likes to be around them, more than his brothers did, and in a different way, for themselves as individuals and not as part of a mass. It is the common touch, the ward politician's ability to stand around and chew the rag with the boys on the corner and enjoy it. People come away from him refreshed and pleased, with a feeling of having just had a nice talk with a fine young fellow, not of having had an audience with a man of destiny.

But he is a man of destiny, like it or not. And he does not like it, he does not want it. Deep down, he is trapped in his own Gethsemane. He would like the chalice to pass, yet he approaches what must be with resignation. Fulfilling such a destiny will be a long and excruciating ordeal, and he shrinks from it. But when the time comes, he is resolved to do his best.

Once he told me that if he could do what he wants, what he really wants, he might take his uncommonly beautiful wife and their daughter and two sons and set sail for the Caribbean, to hobo around among the islands. He would idle and explore and read and just plain live. He would set the pace, one day at a time. There would be no exigencies of public office, no inner voice goading him on schedules set by others, no self-reminders that, with his background, training and experience, he owes something to the country.

But there is the name to live up to, as he has been taught from childhood. At times, when among friends and laughing it up, in that shell-burst laughter of his, at some sharp-edged wisecrack that all of them love, he suddenly clouds over. It is then that he seems to be remembering who he is and what he is expected to do.

"I am not a candidate for President," he says. And you have to believe him. But then you discount the finality of his tone because the candidate will not be chosen until the summer of 1972, and events and circumstances then, not now, will call the turn. Even more than that, in the minds of millions of Americans, he has no choice. The White House is his legacy, his ultimate responsibility, even his debt to society. One brother was there and another was on his way there, and both were cut down by assassins' bullets. It is up to him, goes the argument of these millions, to finish the work that they began. If not in 1972, then in 1976 or 1980 or thereafter.

For, in the year 2000, or eight presidential elections from now, he will be only 68 years old and still eligible. That is why, despite all the personal and professional calamities that have befallen him, far beyond the strength of most men to bear, there is no way to make a list of Democrats who might be chosen to oppose Richard M. Nixon, or whichever Republican runs, without including the name of the senior Senator from Massachusetts, Edward M. Kennedy, turned 39 last George Washington's Birthday.

This truth of the politics of 1972 began to sink in among the experts in March, at the annual Gridiron Club Dinner in Washington, D.C. The Gridiron Club has nothing to do with football, except the political variety. It is the most prestigious press association in the world, its active membership limited to 50 Washington correspondents of proven merit. You do not join, you get elected, and that takes years. It exists for The Dinner, a white-tie ecumenical conclave of the usually embattled forces that comprise The Establishment: the President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the elite of Congress and of publishing, broadcasting, diplomacy and big business.

Power was in the room, washing down its filet of beef Rossini with

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BY WARREN ROGERS PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY TRETICK

Santenay 1966, and laughing as the usually staid senior correspondents, in silly costumes and songs accompanied by the Marine Corps Band, lampooned the newsiest Government figures of the times, from the President on down.

Midway through the gala, there was a scuffing of chairs and a craning of necks. It was time for Ted Kennedy to speak for the Democratic party. Practically all of the 600 or so in the room had already written him off as a potential presidential nominee. He had been the unchallenged front-runner until the tragedy at Chappaquiddick, and then, as if to clinch his political doom, Senate Democrats had voted him out as their assistant leader, the "whip" job, in January. He was through, the experts agreed, at least for 1972. But they leaned forward expectantly to listen. He was through, but he was a Kennedy, the last of the Kennedys. How would he do?

He was nervous, pressing down a shock of thick reddish-brown hair over his forehead. He blinked in the spotlight and cleared his throat. He knew that his future might be written in the pages he put on the lectern. His mouth was pinched, but it twitched toward a grin and his blue eyes danced in anticipation of the merry mischief he was about to commit, in the name of the Gridiron's hallowed "spirit of high good humor."

He began softly. It was a pleasure to be among so many good friends. And he ended softly, almost in a whisper: "And as we look to the future, I think we all share a goal, put down in the words of Aeschylus, a goal which my brothers used to quote—'To tame the savageness of man and make gentle the life of the world.' "

Eyes flickered. Somebody coughed. A beat or two of silence, then the ovation broke like a thunderstorm. Between the opening curtsy and that closing prayer, he was happily flipping firecrackers at the big names of politics. His booming baritone, his Boston-Irish way-up-in-the-nose vowels and his explosive laughter at his own jokes infected the banquet hall and set it to roaring. The Establishment caught the full significance of his targets, all White House potentials in 1972—including himself.

Dick Nixon got it first: "The Gridiron Club [in choosing its officers] realized long ago something that many of us have realized only lately—that the best President is a one-term President." A pause here for the knowing laughter. "We are, of course, disappointed that President Nixon couldn't be with us tonight. But we understand that he had an important previous engage-

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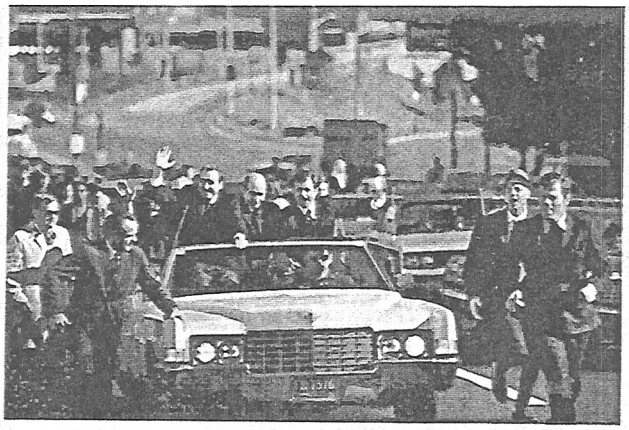
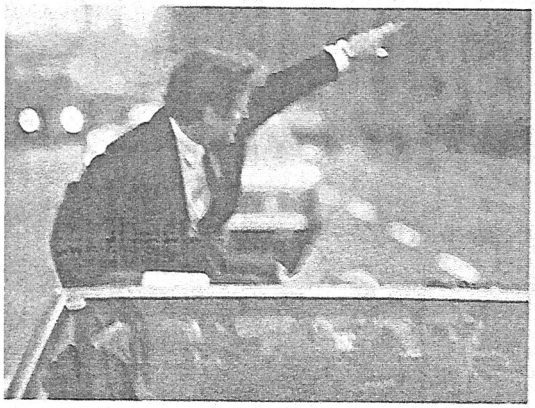
He was through, the kingmakers agreed. But they leaned forward to listen. He was the last of the Kennedys. How would he do? He began...

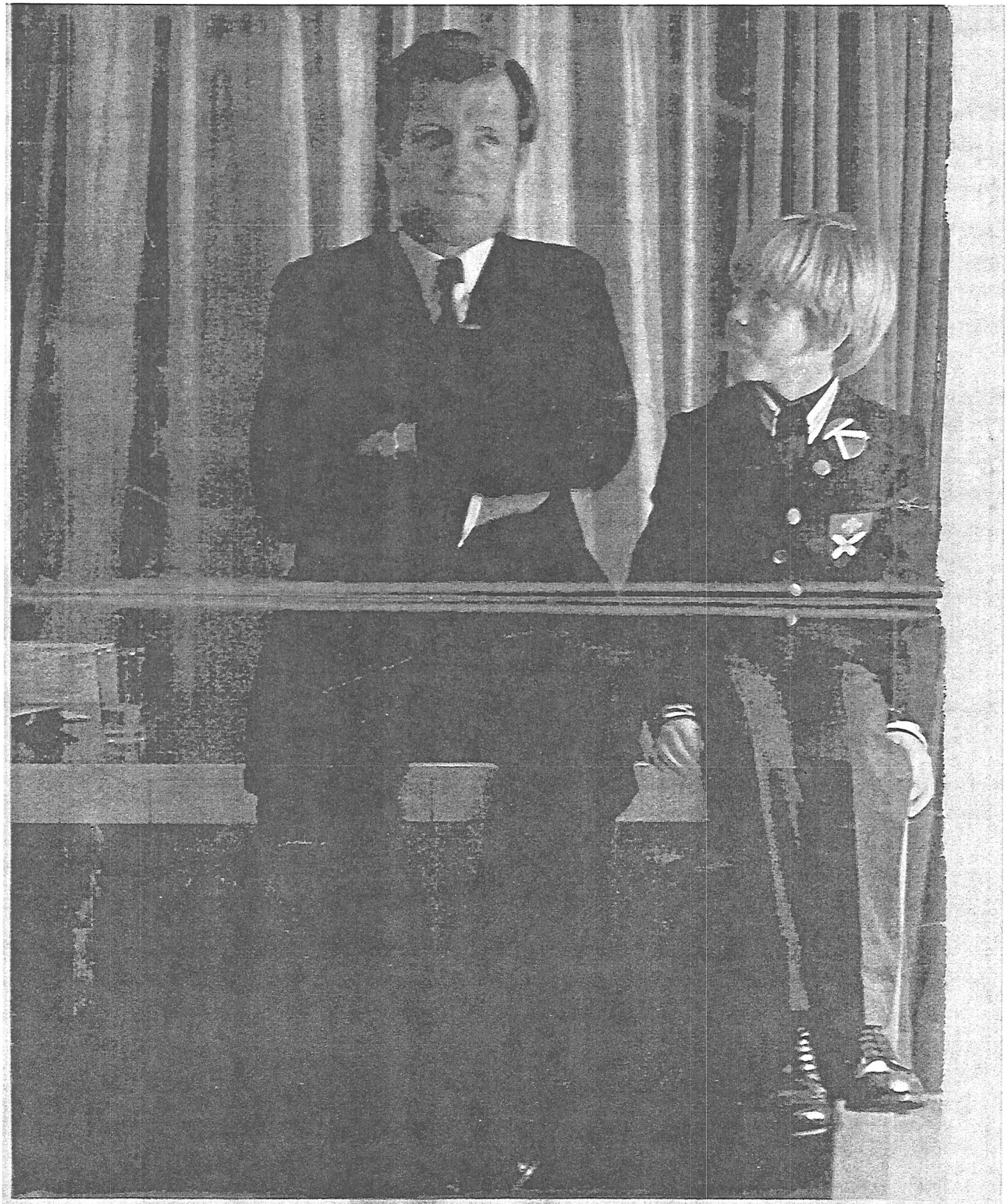




Kennedy campaigners lie dormant, dreaming of what still might be, or work in other camps, poised for a call to rally again. Cued, the jigsaw would click together as if never apart. Then it would be as it was before: a hand easing a day-end back, the race to meet schedules as advance men like Tim Hannan and Jim Toland clear the way, students with questions, quiet ponderings, joyful glides past a million eyes and the inevitability of the pressing of flesh.

The Kennedy mystique follows him wherever he goes, and he goes everywhere now—not running, but not exactly completely out of it either. Pros in the Democratic party look away, certain that tragedy, failure and flaws mark him as a loser. Yet the people flock to him to watch, listen and touch (right). He is in no hurry, but the events and circumstances of a hyper-political year may make him take on the toughest Kennedy fight of them all.

Aches,ecstasy



ment—at the Bijou Theater in Key Biscayne. It's the last night he can see *Patton*"—another pause, more knowing laughter, and then—"for the 43rd time."

Softened up, the audience was ripe to be lobbied for a pet project, Kennedy's Senate bill to set up national health insurance covering every citizen. In effect, it would abolish Blue Cross and other private-health-insurance enterprises, and scuttle President Nixon's rival program to make them "partners" of the Government. "The President's proposal," he said, "lets the health-insurance companies set the costs for medical care throughout the nation"—a pause, to prime the thrust—"which is like asking Bonnie and Clyde to open up a savings account."

He teased himself about losing the whip job. With half of his face smiling and half not, he gave thanks to "the 28 Democratic Senators who pledged to vote for me . . . and especially the 24 who actually did." A turn of the screw: "The Secret Service says I receive more anonymous threatening letters than anyone else on Capitol Hill. It wasn't until January that I realized most of them came from my colleagues in the Senate."

And then, his audience captured, he lit a string of one-liners under the top Democratic hopefuls. He noted that women reporters were protesting the Gridiron's men-only policy, and he pinned these imaginary reactions on his laughing, red-faced colleagues:

Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, the tireless campaigner, "said he'd be pleased as Punch to attend, as long as he could be out in time to do *Face the Nation, Meet the Press* and *Issues and Answers*—and perhaps shake a few hands down at the Greyhound bus station."

Sen. Henry M. Jackson, that stalwart of the military-industrial complex, "said he'd come if he could sit with the Joint Chiefs of Staff."

Sen. Harold E. Hughes, who can make "howdy-do" sound like the Ten Commandments, "told me he'd be happy to attend, and asked if he could deliver the invocation."

Sen. Edmund S. Muskie, who sometimes has a little difficulty making up his mind, "considered the arguments of the women's group. And then he pondered the prestige of the Gridiron Club. And finally he made his decision: He'd attend, but he'd only stay for half the dinner."

And Sen. George McGovern, espouser of any and all liberal causes, "said straight out that the dinner was discriminatory and he wouldn't attend."

He frets about measuring up as clan patriarch. He is reassured: a hug from Joan, a monkey-see, monkey-do from young Ted.

As the ovation from the kingmakers rolled over him, Kennedy flashed the toothy grin that is the family trademark. It was a tour de force, and he knew it. It was a good place, a good time and a good way to start the run at the Presidency that his brothers had made before him. He was doing the right thing for it then, and he has continued to do right things ever since. Yet, he also continues to insist that he will not run for the Democratic presidential nomination next year.

"I am not a candidate," he says over and over, publicly and privately, teeth clenching and brow knitting. If not 1972, I ask, what about 1976 and 1980 and so on? He refuses to speculate. He has learned to take one day at a time and not to plan too far ahead, he says, and the words have a familiar ring. This is what his brother Robert used to say as he made his own personal comeback from the apathy and despair that seized him after the assassination of Jack Kennedy in 1963. And now Teddy, like Bobby, is on the way back.

In spite of Chappaquiddick, in spite of the loss of the whip job, his popularity is on the rise. In January, he won 38 percent of a Gallup poll on presidential preference; four months later, Gallup had him as the favorite for the Democratic nomination—a full eight points ahead of Muskie, who had long been the front-runner. Other polls will show him up or down, but always in the forefront of contention.

Behind those cold statistics, perhaps meaningless at this point, are two very important factors, one intensely human and the other the stuff that makes politics close kin to a science. The first is Ted Kennedy's way with a crowd. The other is the nature of the opposition, an amorphous lot of regional and special candidates who, in all probability, will knock each other off in the presidential primaries.

Nobody else turns the people on like Kennedy. He is more than a politician who might be President; he is a personality, a celebrity, a star. Leave out the minority of irretrievably unreconstructed Kennedy haters, and what is there? A promise of better things to come for the impatient young, a sex symbol to girls and tragedy-scarred son to their mothers, a man with feet of clay but nonetheless a man to men, the prime hope of blacks and others who feel set-upon.

The Kennedy appeal is as much a mystery to Ted as it was to his brothers. Jack was vastly amused at the "jumpers" and "squealers" who teetered between hysteria and the Victorian vapors at sight of him in 1960, but he knew they meant votes, and he counted on them. Bobby, the most private of the brothers, was embarrassed by crowd emotion in 1968, the way the people clung to him and even, on at least two occasions, pulled him right out of his convertible, headfirst; yet he, too, measured progress by the size and enthusiasm of the assembled hoi polloi, and he was not above courting it. Ted has neither Jack's patrician aloofness nor Bob's inherent shyness, but he has the same sense of what makes the political mare go, and it costs him less personally to mix, to bat the breeze with the morning shift at the main gate of a Connecticut candy factory, to gossip with a gaggle of matrons at a supermarket anywhere, to rap with longhaired Vietnam veterans protesting the war on the Mall of the nation's capital.

"He's a sketch. He could talk a dog off the meat wagon," one old biddy told me ecstatically in Massachusetts after exposure to Ted's open-air charm. And each kind of group, in its own way, says the same thing after he has mingled. But his effect on the assembled hundreds of thousands is minor compared to what a crowd does for him and to him.

Even if he makes all the right moves for a run at the Presidency, there is still one huge question: Should he do this to his family?

Nowhere is the medium more the message than with a politician and a crowd, because the big red eye of television, with a little help from the daily press, will produce the spreading, growing payoff in recognition and popularity, as Nixon's carefully rehearsed balloons and pompon girls proved in 1968. And a politician with ears, especially if, like Kennedy, he encourages questions and dissent instead of simply talking at people, will not easily be fooled by an electorate he engages directly.

Even more to the point, the impact on the campaigner of what he is seeing and hearing can be critical. It is not clear yet whether Kennedy has acquired that "fire in the gut" so necessary to persevere over the frustrations and agonies of running for President; a man has to want the office so badly he will brave anything, from cardboard sandwiches to the danger of assassination. Kennedy admits that, with all his personal tragedies, he has lost his once-great zest for the campaign trail, but sometimes he shows signs that embers, or more, may be glowing in his belly. Notably, these times come after he has been touring the country and learns firsthand of wrongs that somebody must put aright. During his national-health-insurance hearings, he often becomes emotionally aroused by what he has learned, just as Bob wept at sight of the swollen bellies of malnutrition among black babies on the Mississippi Delta.

For Ted, there is Ken Kunken, the Cornell engineering student paralyzed for life with a neck broken in a football game. The family was financially ruined by the hospital

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The family has its demands, the pros have only one: Can he win?

bill, $50,000 in the first five months. More so, there is the mother of three, widowed by black-lung disease. She prefers Dickensian penury in the West Virginia hills to a job in the city because "The children there might make fun of my mentally retarded son." Ted has a sister like that; he is also no stranger to physical pain.

You wonder what is left inside of this Kennedy, after so much adversity. How many blows can a man take? The assassinations, the airplane crash, the incapacitation and death of a powerful father, and then what he himself called his "indefensible" behavior after he drove off the bridge and Mary Jo Kopechne drowned. Any of these could crush. Yet he survived, on the surface at least. He found a special kind of courage to deliver a choked eulogy to Bob, and he faced up to the humiliation of being called a coward and a liar after Chappaquiddick by willing that, as he said to me then, "I've got to put this thing through." Rejected as whip (primarily because he incautiously believed that Sens. Quentin N. Burdick of North Dakota, Thomas J. McIntyre of New Hampshire, Stuart Symington of Missouri and Harrison A. Williams, Jr., of New Jersey would keep their word and vote for him), he philosophized, "It hurts like hell to lose, but now I can get around the country more, and it frees me to spend more time on issues I'm interested in."

In the back rooms of politics, the pros are more interested in statements like that than in the metaphysics of his inner turmoils. And they pay more attention to what he does than to the many, many times he disclaims his candidacy.

The Democrats approach 1972 as disarrayed as the Republicans facing Lyndon Johnson in 1964; with a field of diverse potentials, each a walking wounded in some way, none promising to rise above the pack, all loath to unite behind a single leader. Early primaries probably will narrow the field. California may decide it all, as with Barry Goldwater and Nelson A. Rockefeller in 1964. But it is conceivable that the convention will deadlock, and Kennedy, for all his failures and faults, will be drafted.

The way this thinking goes is that no front-runner will make it to the nomination because there is

He worries about what public life does to those in his private life, especially the pressure that fear for his safety puts on his mother.

something wrong with each of the potentials: Kennedy's albatross is Chappaquiddick, plus whisperings that he lacks dedication and likes to be around pretty girls and tall drinks too much—in short, that he is neither Jack nor Bob; Humphrey lost in 1968, is too closely tied to the failures of the LBJ Administration, and, alas for an old rebel, is not relevant to the times; Muskie is volatile, indecisive, his chief accomplishment being that he looked a little better than Humphrey, Nixon and Spiro Agnew last time out; McGovern takes tough stands and sticks with them, but is so gentle in manner that he appears wishy-washy; Hughes might be sold as "the Bobby Kennedy of 1972," but his fierce evangelism puts people off; Sen. Birch Bayh is unknown and undefined, and so on.

Before Chappaquiddick, Ted could have had the nomination if he were Denny Dimwit and Jack the Ripper rolled into one. He could have had it in 1968 simply by agreeing to accept, although in all likelihood he would have been clobbered by a Nixon campaign attacking him as too young, too unaccomplished, and trading on the names of his brothers.

The stigma of Chappaquiddick continues to fade. The young voters, especially, forgive him for it, but uneasiness and distrust persist in the minds of many people over the basic issue: If he panicked in the immediacy of that personal test, does it not follow that he would probably panic in a presidential crisis? The loyalists say no, arguing that Kennedys learn from mistakes and, like Stephen Crane's hero in *The Red Badge of Courage*, a good man can perform poorly in one confrontation and magnificently thereafter.

Does he really want to be President? I don't think so, certainly not for now.

"Listen," he said, during the umpteenth time we sat ruminating over who he is and where he is going, "I'm not going into any of the primaries. I've taken all the steps you're supposed to take to keep my name out of the primaries. Some states, like Oregon, can go ahead and put you on the ballot anyway. Well, I'm just not going to campaign anywhere.

"I try not to think about the Presidency, but people like you keep bringing it up. I don't discuss it with my family. We just don't talk about it. That business about promising my mother not to run well, that's just not true.

"I don't believe you can do one job well while thinking of another. I have important work to do in the Senate. It is a real opportunity for service. There's a lot wrong in this country, and it's a terrible thing if you are in a position to do something about it and don't."

That wound up sounding like an argument in favor of running. I commented, because the Presidency is the most powerful office in the world, the strongest position from which to right wrongs.

"I don't know about that," he said. "With my brothers, I've seen the frustrations that go along with the Presidency, the logjam that can develop with Congress, and things like that. Sure, I know the Presidency is the real power for bringing about change. But that isn't the whole story. A lifetime in the Senate can be damned fruitful, in the sense of accomplishing things."

The Irish-potato face was all scowls, eyes downcast and mouth in a bottom-lip-out pout—what my County Cork mother used to call "a ship to go to Ireland on." Lord knows what this man who never plans far ahead was thinking of his future. It reminded me of what Bob Kennedy said early in 1968, as we taxied through an upstate New York blizzard and he contemplated the pressures on him to run against LBJ: "Oh-h-h, what he's going to do to me . . . the things he's going to say . . ."

Ted seemed to be contemplating his pressures. He had that Gethsemane look again, the struggle between duty and desire. I kept silent, watching him. He was where he likes best to be, at home, relaxing. It is a splendid home, astride a wooded Virginia hill that rolls down to the Potomac River just out of sight of Washington. In the little library, he brooded. He slouched in a well-used armchair, hair askew, in old sweater and baggy pants and rundown shoes. Patrick, copper-haired and husky, padded in with a four-year-old's common complaint: his toy automobile was broken. Ted absentmindedly tended to his baby-sitting. Joan was out shopping with their other two children, 11-year-old Kara and nine-year-old Teddy.

"You develop an ability to live with changes when you've had as

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Before Chappaquiddick, it was a walk-in. Now, he must get the breaks.

much tragedy and disappointment as I—as we have had, the pendulum swings wide, and you have to swing with it," he said. "But sometimes you can't help thinking about how it could all be different. There are books I haven't read, places I haven't seen. Maybe I'd like to take my family and go sailing in the Caribbean, just going around from island to island. But then you look around you and you see the suffering and the unfairness and you say to yourself that you must do everything in your power to help set things straight.

"I am aware of the pressures, of course. Being in a family that's been so active in public life, having the normal ambitions, seeing the increasing problems of today, seeing the Peace Corps and VISTA unraveling along with many other things President Kennedy and Bobby were interested in, the pressures on me to carry on that tradition—pressures felt within myself as well as from others that I have the best chance of putting together a coalition that would succeed. . . .

"But on the other side are the overriding personal considerations. My family and I take seriously my responsibility to my brothers' children as well as my own, and the tragedies—my brothers, the plane crash, the death at Chappaquiddick—anybody would be enormously affected by such experiences. Then, too, maybe I would like to do it later on, in a different climate, more on my own.

"Ultimately, it is within this perspective that a final decision will be made."

That is the way he talks, one step forward and two backward. Happily for him, as an affirmed non-candidate, he can move freely among the issues and still keep his name before the voter. When the Vietnam veterans marched on Washington to protest the war, he spent more time with them than any other senator. It was not the most popular thing to do, but he could afford the risk. They took to him, and he became so intrigued with them that, after several hours of talking one afternoon, he went back. Home after a dinner party, he could not get the veterans and their earnest arguments off his mind. He changed into old clothes, including an Air Force flight jacket with a presidential seal that used to belong to Jack and then Bob before Ethel gave it to him, and returned to the Mall, to share cheap wine and talk some more. It was one more case of becoming emotionally involved with the issues.

Kennedy concedes, with a grin, that he would be doing pretty much the same things if he were a candidate. The issues he has interested himself in cut across the many "gaps" that crease our society today. The young—who may play a decisive role in the 1972 election results for the first time—like him because he is young and enjoys a good time and because he is a Kennedy, the American symbol of youth and good times; specifically, because he supports many of the things they want: an early end to the Indochina war, troop withdrawals from Europe, the 18-year-old vote in all elections, draft reforms, more attention to the problems of minorities, and recognition of Peking (long before Ping-Pong broke the stalemate). Liberals go along with that, too, although they are flocking now to McGovern, the first announced candidate, in what may prove to be a holding operation if that campaign falters. Kennedy's drive for national health insurance, aid to the aged and equal employment opportunities appeals to the older voter and a tough bloc to crack—Middle America and the so-called "hard hats."

In short, if all the issues he espouses were brought into one package labeled "The Kennedy Program," there would be something in it for everybody. He offers help from his position of power as one of only 100 senators, not simply to the young, the liberal, the poor and the black, as a Kennedy is expected to, but also to the unyoung, the conservative, the unpoor and the un-black.

In refusing to run but walking around in track shoes, he adds an increment to his clout in the Senate. The dimming of his luster ended the day when his name alone on a bill was enough to give promise of passage; now it has to be bolstered by those of strong colleagues like Senate Democratic leader Mike Mansfield. Yet as long as he keeps alive the possibility that he might one day be President, he is not just one of 100, but stands taller than most.

The remarkable political organization put together by the Kennedys in 1960 and 1968 is still around—scores of men and women of high quality, supported by hundreds and hundreds of tireless and faithful doorbell-ringers and stamp-lickers. These people hold jobs they love but would leave in a minute, at sight of the right headline, to work for Kennedy, or, impatient and wanting to keep a hand in, they are working for potential nominees they believe come closest to the Kennedy ideal. If Ted is forced into a late primary, such as California or New York, or the lightning strikes at the convention, he would not have to summon them. They would queue up on their own.

One of them, a man who had a heart attack when he heard Bob Kennedy had been shot, was talking the other day about Ted's chances. It was at Ethel's home, Hickory Hill, at one of those gatherings-of-the-clan that bring the old crowd together periodically.

"I can't see it," he said. "Ted's not going to run. Why, he doesn't even have a card file set up."

"Look around you," his companion said. "There's your card file."

They worked like slaves for Jack and had their brief taste of power, and then did it all over again for Bob, only to see it blow up in the same horrifying way. They are ready to try again, with Ted, because dreams half-realized die hard. Even though Ted's wife and others in his family, like Bob's oldest boy Joe, oppose his running, those who have given so much of themselves to the Kennedys could force him into the fight because loyalty works both ways.

"Teddy says 1972 is not his year, but I think he's wrong," one of them said. "Bobby thought 1968 wasn't his year at first, but he changed his mind, and he was right. He would've won. If Ted doesn't go now, what assurance can he have that 1976 will be right? Think of all the unknowns who could come up and get a lock on 1976. If a Democrat wins, it will be another eight years anyway, and then the tide may have passed."

"If he doesn't become President, he's a failure," another Kennedy veteran said. He got that Camelot look. "If we win, we're going to put together the best goddam government you ever saw." He slumped. His voice sagged. "Sure as hell, somebody will try to kill him."

It is the overriding concern, the one thing above all others that militates against a Kennedy candidacy. Ted himself tries not to think of it, to behave as if it does not exist, but all around him stay alert. It is a terrible thing to live with. He tells me now that this was "the most crushing" consideration in making a final decision about 1972. "Even if I were willing to reach out for this opportunity, personal pressures are overriding—subjecting my family to fears over my safety . . . the tensions on my mother. . . ."

Ted Kennedy cannot walk into the nomination in 1972, as he could have four years earlier. But he can have it if he wants it and works for it and if things break right for him. He would then have to mount the toughest Kennedy campaign of them all, because there is no sign yet that any Democrat can beat Nixon. Yet there is the remarkable way the mood of America swings. We talked about it, and he said:

"My brother Jack came along at a time suited to his exciting style, when the people were ready to move out again after eight quiet years. The mood may be changing again. I think it is, and I'm not sure that Nixon realizes that. But what I don't know is whether the national mood can swing back in so short a time, only four years, to the kind of leadership identified with the Kennedys. I feel it in my gut that it's the wrong time, that it's too early."

If he changes his mind, he will have to make many major decisions about his personal life. The biggest will be to commit himself to a life of monk-like austerity and concentration as candidate and President, for both must be above suspicion if the job is to be done. And he would have to make peace with the harsh reality that the thanks his brothers got for their sacrifices was death, and that he is the last of those Kennedy brothers.

He laughs a lot now, and his wit, as the Gridiron diners found, can be irresistible. But sometimes a shadow passes over his face and he seems then to be in another world, all alone, keening the losses of the violent past, yet half-steeling himself to measure up to a tradition, to respond to an echoing call. "Some men see things as they are and say, 'Why?' I dream things that never were and say, 'Why not?' "

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